

LETTEE XXXIII .

PIKHRUZ, NOV.

14.

I WAS indeed sorry to leave the charming circle at the Mission House and the wild grandeur of Bitlis, but a certain wan look in the sky and peculiar colouring on the mountains warned my friends that winter might set in any day, and Dr. Eeynolds arranged for *katirgis* and an escort, and obtained a letter from the Governor by means of which I can procure additional *zaptiehs* in case of need. My Turkish *katirgi*, Moussa, is rich, and full of fun and jollity. He sings and jokes and mimics Mirza, rides a fine Ixorse, or sprawls singing on its back, and keeps every one alive by his energy and vitality. My loads are very light, and his horses are strong, and by a peculiar screech he starts them off at a canter with no other object than the discomfiture of Mirza, who with all his good qualities will never make a horseman. Unluckily he has a caravan of forty horses laden with ammunition for the Government on the road, so things may not be always so smooth as they are now. Descending by a track more like a stair than a road, and crossing the Tigris, my friends, and I performed the feat of riding through some of the bazars, even though Mr. Knapp and I had been pelted with stones on an open

road the day
before. * There was no molestation, for the
people are
afraid of the *zaptieTis** swords. Bitlis is busy,
and it is
difficult to get through its crowded markets,
low, narrow,